

## Auction Sale Peters.

(Continued from Front Page)

lots were sold. These three were each 20-foot front, facing Hancock street, and 93.3 deep. The buyers were R. J. Walker, of Charlotte, who happened to be in town and realized what an investment Rockingham dirt is; T. H. Howell, and W. P. McRae. The price bid was \$110 per front foot for one lot, \$105 for another and \$107.50 for the third lot. After these three lots were sold the owner, Mr. Sandford, called that part of the sale off, stating that he could not sacrifice them. From private sources we understand he wanted \$400 per front foot for those lots. The auctioneer then tried to sell the corner lots fronting Franklin street and in front of where the new courthouse is being built, but the best price bid was \$185 per front foot and this Mr. Sandford was unwilling to take.

The Cole two-story building (in which is the Hicks barber shop and Helms jewelry store) was next offered for sale. It fronts Main street 35.4 and is 80 feet deep. The price was finally run up to \$28,000 (the Bank of Rockingham being the bidder, it is said), but Mr. Cole declined to sell at that price. Notice had been given that all sales were subject to the owner's confirmation.

The double-store building formerly occupied by Hopkins Bros., and owned by Mr. Sandford was next offered. It fronts Main street 37.90 feet and the two-story building runs back 80 feet, with 40 additional feet back lot. The best price bid was \$20,500, but inasmuch as Mr. Sandford wants \$38,000 for the property, the bid amounted to nothing.

The Chinese Laundry fronting 20 feet on Hancock street was next offered, and was run up to around \$4500, but it was not sold. The price wanted for this property is said to be \$8000.

During the sale "drawings" took place, for \$1.00 each, and among the lucky names were little Eleanor R. Steele, Jay Helms, E. E. Hamer and Raeford Terry.

The Icomorlee band from Monroe made music, but it is a pity the home band was not used. Our Pee Dee band makes better music and would no doubt have been cheaper.

## Cordova Dots.

The Methodist Sunday School held an ice cream supper on the church grounds last Saturday night, the proceeds for the benefit of the Sunday school.

The mill Co. is having some improvements made in the village and the mill.

Mr. George Blackwell's child is very sick with pneumonia.

Rev. W. O. Rivenbark visited her father, Mr. L. J. Rivenbark, here Saturday night.

We are glad to have Mr. Samuel Watts back with us again.

Mr. H. J. Amons and family motored over to Hamlet Sunday.

The Woman's Club met at the home of Mrs. S. L. McCracken Tuesday afternoon.

Rev. D. A. Clarke delivered a good message at the Methodist church Sunday night.

We are glad to see Mr. Phifer up again, and hope he will continue to improve.

Rev. Mr. Booth delivered a good message at the Baptist church Sunday at 11 a. m. Lord's supper was also served.

W. R.

## Advertising

in this paper will bring good returns on the money invested

## Harvest Festival at Candor.

An immense concourse of people assembled at Candor Aug. 4th for the festival that was held to celebrate the gathering and marketing of the great peach and melon crops that were produced in that section. The exercises were formally opened about eleven o'clock by an address of welcome delivered by Mr. R. T. Poole, of Troy. Then, after an invocation by Rev. Mr. Parsons, an abundant spread of melons just from a refrigerator car was laid out on improvised tables and everybody was invited to partake. This feast was followed by a superb and abundant supply of luscious peaches, also just taken from a refrigerator car. A large crowd had been anticipated and the supply of fruit and melons was more than sufficient.

At two o'clock the crowd repaired to the Sutton grove, where appropriate speeches were made by G. D. B. Reynolds, Congressman W. C. Hammer, Rev. W. R. Coppedge and R. T. Poole. After the addresses the crowd was invited to return to the tables and feast on peaches and melons.

Among those present from Rockingham were Messrs. Frank Terry, James Fowkes, A. R. McPhail, D. L. Coppedge and W. R. Coppedge.

The rapid development of this section of North Carolina is one of the marvels of the age. Richmond county has vast areas equally suitable for the production of peaches and melons as well as berries, corn, hay and cotton.

**\$15,000**  
**Ellerbe High School District Richmond County, North Carolina Gold Bonds**

Sealed proposals addressed to the undersigned, will be received by the School Committee of Ellerbe High School District, at the office of said Committee in Ellerbe, North Carolina, until 3 o'clock P. M., August 29th, 1922, for \$15,000 School Building Bonds of said District, maturing annually July 1st \$500 1923 to 1932, both inclusive and with prior option.

All bonds dated July 1st, 1922; denomination \$500; interest six percent per annum; principal and semi-annual interest (J. & J. 1) payable in New York in gold; general obligations; unlimited tax; authorized by vote.

These bonds are to be prepared under the supervision of the United States Mortgage & Trust Company, New York City, which will certify as to the genuineness of the signatures of the Town officials signing same and seal impressed thereon. The approving opinions of Chester B. Masslich, Esq., of New York City, and J. L. Morehead, Esq., of Durham, N. C., will be furnished the purchaser. Delivery on or about September 5th, 1922, in New York City; delivery elsewhere at purchaser's expense, including New York exchange.

Proposals must be on forms to be furnished by the undersigned, or said Trust Company, enclosed in a sealed envelope marked, "Proposal for Bonds", and addressed to the undersigned and must be accompanied by certified check (or cash) payable to the Treasurer of Richmond County, upon an incorporated bank or trust company for \$300 to secure the School District against any loss resulting from the failure of the bidder to comply with the terms of his bid. No bid of less than par and accrued interest will be received.

The right to reject all bids is reserved.

J. H. McRAE,  
 Secretary, Board of Trustees, Ellerbe High School District, Ellerbe, N. C.

## MORTGAGEE'S SALE OF LAND.

Under and by virtue of the power contained in a certain mortgage deed dated March 20th, 1920, by Ellerbe Worthy to W. A. McDonald, recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of Richmond County, in Book number 131, Page 204, default having been made in the payment of indebtedness secured thereby, I will, on Saturday, the 2nd day of September, 1922, for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, the following described real estate to wit: A certain piece or tract of land lying and being in Rockingham Township, Richmond County, State of North Carolina, and described and defined as follows: to wit:

Beginning at a stake one pine pointer, a corner of the McDuffie, McLeod and Polly Hare land and runs as a line of the last mentioned tract 77.30 W. 31.75 chains to a stake three pine pointers, thence as its other line S. 44 W. 31 chains to a pine pointer, thence as a line of the Smith land N. 30 chains to a line of the Long

land, thence along said line S. 83 E. 45 chains to its and McDuffie's corner a pine in the fork of Bean Branch, thence as a line of the McDuffie land S. 10 chains to a stake a pine and dog wood pointers, thence as another line 25 degrees W. 22.50 chains to the beginning, containing 100 acres, more or less and being the same tract of land upon which Ellerbe Worthy now lives.

This 1st day of August, 1922.  
 W. A. McDonald,  
 Mortgagee.

## MORTGAGEE'S SALE OF LAND.

Under and by virtue of the power contained in a certain mortgage deed dated April 19th, 1921, by S. A. Henderson to W. A. McDonald, recorded in the Register of Deeds of Richmond County, in Book number 128, Page 258, default having been made in the payment of indebtedness secured thereby, I will, on Saturday, 2nd day of September, offer for sale, to the highest bidder, for cash, the following described real estate to wit: A certain piece or tract of land lying and being in Black Jack Township, Richmond County, State of North Carolina, and described and defined as follows, to wit:

Adjoining the lands of Beulah Henderson, B. H. Henderson and others—Beginning at a stake a corner of Lot No. 8, and runs S. 31 E. 52 poles to a sassafras; thence N. 81 East 103 poles to Charlie Cabin; thence North 6 West 56 poles to a stake with pine pointers; thence South 67 1-2 West 66 poles to a stake; thence S. 78 West 60 poles to the beginning, containing 45 acres, and being the same land conveyed to the party of the first part by Daniel Henderson and wife Dicy Henderson by deed bearing date March 3rd, 1915, in which is now subject to the life estate of Dicy Henderson.

This 1st day of August, 1922.  
 W. A. McDonald,  
 Mortgagee.

## SOCIAL

(Contributed)

Miss Florence Covington entertained a very delightful weekend house party last week. Those attending were Misses Edith and Sallie Sumner, of Lincolnton, Nancy Reid, of Mathews, and Minnie May Ashcraft, of Monroe. They were accorded much social attention while guests in the city.

Misses Mamie Steele and Miss Johnnie Dunlap and Henry Steele, who joined a party from Charlotte and spent a month in Canada, have returned to the city, having arrived on Friday evening.

Mr. Ellis Thomas, accompanied by Miss Elma Warburton and Charles Thomas, left Wednesday morning, going to Burlington in a car, to spend some time, guests of Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Storey who have recently moved into their new home in that town.

Mrs. June Diggs entertained most charmingly on Tuesday morning, complimenting her attractive house-guests, Misses Harriet Godfrey and Caroline Causey, of Cheraw, and Ella Wallace, of Columbia. Cut flowers were used in the living room and hall, where tables were arranged for bridge. After the usual progressions, Mrs. Diggs served delicious country ham, hot buttered biscuit, pear salad on lettuce leaf, olive sandwiches, and tea, followed by ice cream and cookies. Enjoying this delightful affair were: Misses Godfrey, Wallace, Causey, Laura Page Steele, Octavia Scales, Anna Leak Ledbetter, Kathryn McDonald, Elizabeth Cole, Johnnie Cameron.

Mrs. R. R. Simmons and Miss Laura Page Steele were joint hostesses at a party Wednesday afternoon, complimenting the house-guests of Mrs. June Diggs. Three tables were arranged in the living room where vases of lovely summer flowers were used. Several interesting rubbers were played, at the conclusion of which a course of tomatoes stuffed with frozen chicken salad, crackers and tea, followed by peach cream and angel fingers was served. Those invited were: Misses Godfrey, Causey, Wallace, Elizabeth Cole, Octavia Scales, Kathryn McDonald, Anna Leak Ledbetter, Mesdames Minor Hinson, S. W. Steele, June Diggs, Fred Byrum.

Mrs. William Little Steele is spending some time in Pittsburg with her mother, Mrs. W. H. Moore, and Miss Maude Moore.

Mr. and Mrs. June Diggs entertained a swimming party at the Carolina Country Club on Wednesday evening in compliment to their house visitors. The young folks from Rockingham and Cheraw were invited and there was a big party. Swimming, then a much enjoyed picnic supper, after which the order of the evening was dancing and boating on the beautiful lake.

Mr. Bledsoe Cole is spending some weeks at Clifton Springs in New York state.

A very delightful House Party is being entertained down at the Carolina Country Club. It is a Sorority-Fraternity affair—the "Bull Dog's Club" from Agnes Scott, and several of the Beta Theta Pi fraternity. Misses Charlotte Keesler, Eugenia Benie and Susan Malone, of Greenville, Miss.; Mary Knight, of Atlanta; Julia Abbot, of Louisville, Ga.; Belle Barnhardt, of Lenoir. The boys are Messrs. Bob Bell, Concord; Ralph Spaug, Winston; Chas. Stephenson, Raleigh; Lloyd Williams, Blewett Falls; William Leak, Robert Steele, 3rd, LeGrand Everett and Scott Thomas, of Rockingham. Mesdames LeGrand Everett and John Everett and Miss Bessie Everett are chaperones. This promises to be one of the most delightful house parties entertained at the Club in some time—lasting not less than ten days, having been on since last Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Bateman, San Antonio, Texas, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Covington. Mrs. Bateman is sister of Mrs. Covington. They will be in Rockingham several weeks visiting their numerous relatives and friends. Mrs. Bateman before her marriage was Miss Loula Steele.

A camping party of Rockingham girls and boys are enjoying themselves at "Kill Kare Klub" out at Ledbetters this week. Mr. and Mrs. James Covington are chaperoning Misses Lucile Shure, Marie Covington, Berta Hicks, Elizabeth Cole, Hattie Covington, Ann Watkins, Jamie Cole, Ophelia Ormond; Messrs. Carlyle Gibson, Ed. Rogerson, Robert Stanfill, John Foret, Ed. Aycock, Pat Jackson and Leo Warburton. Boating, swimming games and conversation are among the diversions enjoyed.

## Campmeeting Notice.

Pentecostal Holiness Church, of the Lower South Carolina Conference, will hold their annual campmeeting at Rockingham this year and from now on each year. Will begin August 15th and run to August 27th, 1922. The camp ground is near Hannah Pickett mills on Bennettsville road, two miles south of Rockingham, near Bob Wilson's home. Everybody invited to come to these meetings. Preachers in charge: Rev. J. H. King, Gen. Supt. of Pentecostal Holiness church, and Rev. Lewis Sawgalsky, a converted Jew from Poland. For information—Rev. A. B. Kanipe, President of Campmeeting Association, Rockingham Rt. 2.

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## A Mature Elopement

By CLARA DELAFIELD

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"Amanda's hard," said Mary Tyrrell. "She's as hard as nails. And she's been watching us like a lynx ever since we got to know each other so well."

"No worse than Bob," said Frank Arnold. "That boy's got eyes in the back of his head. He watches me like a bob-cat."

"It's hard that our own children should turn against us," sighed Mary. "I suppose they think we're a pair of old fools who can't be trusted."

It certainly was hard on their romance. Mary was two years younger than Frank, and Frank was—well, of that indeterminate age when the hair is as much white as black and the taller signs reproachfully when he passes the tape-measure round you.

They had been sweethearts in youth, had drifted apart, and each had married and been left alone. Now, with a grown-up son and daughter, they found themselves neighbors in the little town.

Bob Arnold and Amanda Tyrrell were engaged to be married. Bob had a fine position, and it was only a matter of a few weeks till the ceremony.

And the old people, fearing the loneliness that would follow, had found consolation in each other's society.

"Mary," I've got a scheme," said Frank one day. "Let's let's get married too!"

"Frank!" she was staggered by the proposal. "You mustn't joke about that. Those memories are too—too sacred."

"I mean it, darling. Why shouldn't we have a little happiness in our old age? After all, we've always cared for each other, haven't we?"

It took a long time to persuade her. It was not that Mary Tyrrell had ceased to care. She had loved Frank ever since their meeting with all the ardor of their youth. But she had grown "settled."

Frank did persuade her. And it was a difficult courtship that was carried on under the eyes of the young couple. They feared their children's opposition intensely. A dozen times Mary declared that she dared not do it. Then Frank hit on a plan.

"What d'you say to an elopement, darling? Remember how we'd planned to elope in the old days?"

"Frank, I—I couldn't. It would be—improper, at our age! Besides—"

"Leave it to me," said Frank. A week later he came to her again.

"Come along, Mary!" he said. "It's all ready. The judge will fix it for us as soon as we can get to his house."

"Frank, don't be absurd! Why, I—I'm not dressed, and there's the pudding to make, and—"

"And Bob and Amanda on their way up hill. It's now or never, Mary!"

Somehow—Mary never knew how afterward—he persuaded her. And at the back of the house, not near enough to arouse suspicion, the buggy was waiting. Frank helped her in and took up the reins.

Half an hour later they emerged from the judge's house, man and wife. Judge Engrew had chuckled and beamed, and seemed to be enjoying the joke immensely.

"I guess there'll be surprises when you get home," he said.

"I guess there will," said Mary mournfully.

All the way home her despondency increased, in spite of her husband's protestations.

"Amanda will never forgive me, and Bob won't forgive you," she said.

"If that young scoundrel tries any of his tricks on me, I'll break his teeth!" said Frank Arnold severely.

"I'll let him know I'm his father," said Mary, as he kissed her.

"A couple of old fools we are," said Mary, as he kissed her.

At the door, waiting for them, were Amanda and Bob. Mary descended with trembling limbs and turned to her husband.

"You tell them, Frank," she said. "Well, you see, folks, it being a fine day, we thought we'd go buggy-riding," began Frank Arnold.

"Hope you enjoyed yourselves," answered Amanda.

"I thought you might like to know, mother, that that cake you were making burned to a cinder in the oven."

Mary ran forward impetuously, but Frank checked her.

"See here, folks," he said, "you may as well know we're just got married. And we aren't going to stand for any nonsense, either."

And he awaited the storm with folded arms. But before any one could speak Mary came rushing back in wild excitement.

"Frank! Come in and see!" she cried.

## Mary's Indian Blood

By MYRA C. LANE

Copyright, 1922, Western Newspaper Union.

"Oh don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?"

Mary Power heard the hotel band strike up the old-fashioned tune, and a wave of bitter-sweet remembrances came over her as she sat beside John Latimer under the palms.

It was not far from here that, listening to the same tune, played by the orchestra of the same hotel, she and Kiwamesee had plighted their troth, Seminole fashion.

Mary was the adopted daughter of Senator Power. She was a full-blooded Seminole, and his wife, attracted by the beauty of the child, had adopted her from the mission station when she was ten years old. Mrs. Power had always wanted a child, and that desire had always been denied her.

At ten Mary, in the fashion of the tribe, had pledged herself to her cousin, the young Indian boy who sometimes came into the town with baskets of manioc.

"I am thine forever," they had said, in the Indian formula, and the tune which the hotel band struck up at that moment had always been associated with that promise in Mary's mind.

"But you go away among the white people and you will forget me," said Kiwamesee.

"A Seminole never forgets," answered the girl. "Some day I shall come back to thee."

But youth vows and life chooses. Fourteen years had eradicated the old propensities and instincts. At twenty-four Senator Power, now a widower, had taken the girl to Palm Beach for the winter, where her beautiful olive skin and dark beauty had attracted everyone. Especially it had attracted John Latimer, the young public prosecutor of the county.

He meant to win her. Mary knew that and she knew that Senator Power looked with approval upon a man who had risen from the bottom and gave promise of some day occupying one of the highest positions in the land. And Mary?

As she sat at John Latimer's side she sent forth an earnest prayer that he would not speak—yet. For the spell of the tropic night was upon her, and in memory she was back again at the mission, facing Kiwamesee in the little mission courtyard.

"Mary!"

The note in John Latimer's voice was of passionate entreaty. He, too, was under that spell, and Mary, turning, saw the yearning in his eyes.

She loved him; but she seemed to be split into a dual personality that night. One part loved John Latimer—that was the promise, everyday part of her. And the other went out with all her might to the memory of Kiwamesee.

Yet it was not Kiwamesee, but what he represented—the old, wild life in the tempo that she could dimly remember, the Everglades, rich with the scent and beauty of their tropical blossoming, the crash of the wild deer through the saw grass.

"Wait!" she whispered.

She slipped from his side and ran down to the terrace. From where she stood she could see the distant country outlined against the brooding night. A few steps, a mile at most, and she would be lost in the impenetrable jungle.

Oh, to float in a canoe forever down those softly gliding rivers. She stretched out her arms to the night.

"Kiwamesee! I am an Indian. I am of your people! Come!" she said.

And all the past since she had left her father's tent became a dream to her.

No, it was that which was a dream—that life of old. Her life with her adopted father was her waking life. She wanted to dream now.

She thought of John with a touch of tenderness.

Dear, staid, matter-of-fact John Latimer. He would never understand. Who could understand a woman's yearnings?

"Come to me, Kiwamesee!" she whispered again.

But only the palms murmured in the wind, and with a sudden flood of tears she realized that she had put aside her childish things forever. Where was Kiwamesee? An echo of the past, that past which she would never see again.

And slowly she went back to John Latimer. She nestled at his side.

"Mary, you—you know what I wanted to say?" he asked.

"I think I do, John," she answered softly. "Will you be very gentle with me? Will you remember that even an Indian girl dreams sometimes?"

"Dreams, dear? Don't we all dream?" asked John. "I'm dreaming of you, and a home together, and love eternal all our lives."

Mary sighed softly. John had not understood. But then who could understand. Unrestraining, she let him take her in his arms.

Just a Little.

"I want a shave," said the determined-looking man as he climbed into the barber's chair. "I don't want a hair cut nor a shampoo. Neither do I want any bay rum, witch hazel, hair tonic, hot towels or face massage. I don't want the manicure lady to hold my hand nor the bootblack to fondle my feet. I just want a plain shave with no trimmings. Do you understand that?"

"Yes, sir," said the barber. "Will you have some lather on your face, sir?"